The Trouble With Maine: William S. Ellis

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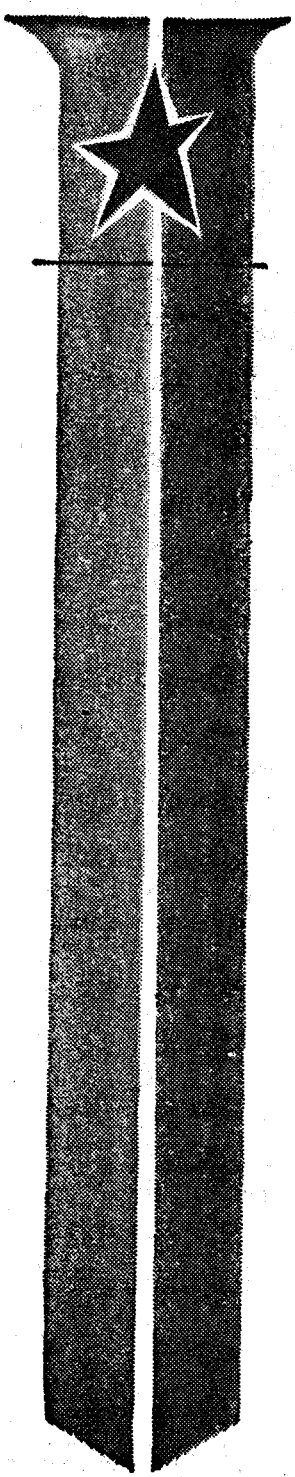

At the White House

Back Seat For Liberals

Frederick Kuh

BERLIN: a NEW APPROACH

Senator Claiborne Pell

Nuclear Site?

Outrage on Bodega Head

Gene Marine

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LETTERS

The 'Corrupt Society'

New York City

Dear Sirs: At first I thought the title, "The Corrupt Society" [June 1-8], was an overstatement, but the issue goes a long way toward vindicating it. To read this is a disturbing experience. Fred Cook has collected a mass of evidence to support his charge that greed is eroding moral responsibility in our society. His work should do a lot to shatter the complacency about the American way of life.

I hope I don't sound anti-labor if I say that I missed attention to the abuses that go on in some unions, often in connivance with management.

If we add to this record of dishonesty and fraud the vicious racial practices of our society, we obviously have on our hands ethical problems that are all we can handle.

Roger L. Shinn

New York City

Dear Sirs: Fred Cook reminds one a little of the young suburban wife riding the subway who thinks every sweating workman who brushes against her is hot with lust.

My own analysis of the moral state of the nation (*The Bewildered Age*, 1962) found somewhat more careless jostling, somewhat less drive for profit. For along with the anything-for-a-dollar ethic Cook amply documents, we have the cults of tolerance ("Don't get mad, he's only fifteen and has acne"), of escape ("Vivaldi and marijuana will save us from our aggressions"), of personalism ("Our love and our new house are all that matter"), and of political bargaining ("How many votes has the World Peace Through the Rule of Law Committee?"). And the absence of criteria for moral judgment extends far beyond the world of business.

Mr. Cook is alarmed at what Americans will do to get ahead. But the simple fact is—and it needs no lamenting—that power necessarily suffuses all human enterprises, that some degree of it must be acquired for good use to be made of it. The questions are usually of borders and limits, and it may be more useful to try to determine in specific cases some of the appropriate points at which good reasons turn into poor excuses than to recoil in indignation from our "'racket" society, pledging faithfulness to the goal of the "fulfillment of the individual." What on earth is that?

Nevertheless, I applaud *The Nation* roundly for publishing Fred Cook's powerful compilation of corruption. It is gratifying to see concern reflected by another section of the press than that of the slicks, that may have reacted first because they are in a better position to see, but whose outrage at all this fraudulence everywhere has caused the rest of us a trace of amusement.

The burden of this issue of *The Nation*—that civilized society depends on law, that law depends on some ethical consensus, and that such an ethical consensus may perhaps no longer exist in America today—is a claim of great moment which I also have been led to risk making. But, unlike Mr. Cook, I see the cause less in the abundance of our scientific-technological-economic achievements than in the retardation of our social and political development. And a look at the condition of ethics and political theory today—as disciplines, and as prescriptions—may lead one to be less surprised than Mr. Cook at our society's confusions.

Virginia Held

[*See back cover for special offer on bulk copies of "The Corrupt Society."* —EDITORS.]

Goldwater, no!

West Newton, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "We Support Goldwater" [May 11] fails to consider the swing to the Right which Senator Goldwater's nomination would effect in the American political climate. All those to the Left of Senator Goldwater would be lumped together; thus, any point of view less reactionary would become "liberal.". . .

If you are eager that the major parties offer the voters a distinct choice, you should advocate, in my opinion, the challenging of President Kennedy by a liberal Democrat. At present, only Senator Morse seems to have the courage, but if the call is given, a hero may come forth. This is perhaps the only immediate hope for true American liberals.

James W. Levinson

Hoosier defense

Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs: There is much truth in Norwood R. Hanson's article, "Hoosier Witch Hunt" [May 25], but it is so beclouded by emotional pyrotechnics that it presents a distorted and incomplete picture. It fails to mention, for example, that, as a state university, Indiana University is particularly subject to strong political pressures and that, despite such pressures engendered by the local prosecutor, it has stood firm in its refusal to withdraw the Y.S.A.'s campus privileges or to take action against the students under indictment unless they are proved guilty of a crime by a court of law. In addition, President Stahr made a forthright statement on freedom of speech which was reprinted in full the next day in the May 20 edition of the Bloomington *Daily Herald-Telephone*.

While Professor Hanson was vent-

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John XXIII

Pope John XXIII was, up to the moment of his death, the most exhilarating figure on the world stage. Exhilarating, in the first place, because he was such a surprise. Elevated to the papacy, it was almost openly admitted, as a safe compromise, an interim pontiff whose age assured his early departure, he displayed from the start a personality, intelligence and courage that brought world Catholicism overnight into the twentieth century and raised world hope that the Church was at last prepared to work with all for the salvation of all. And exhilarating because, of all the world leaders, John was pre-eminently the free man. He took office unhampered by temporal commitments or personal ambitions; he was at peace with God and man; and his sole concern was to engage men of every race, creed and nation in strong and specific pursuit of spiritual grace and peace on earth.

His great encyclical of that title —*Pacem in Terris* — is a work of revolutionary simplicity. It declares the equality, in the eyes of God and justice, of all men; it calls for a withdrawal from nuclear challenge and repudiates the iniquitous doctrine of the just war; it asserts that peoples of the most diverse creeds and dogmas can and must work together for peace and decency; it acknowledges that all sovereignty in this age must give allegiance to world sovereignty. The Pope's unambiguous humanity disturbed the tacticians, clerical and laic; there was for a time much calculating as to whether he kept evil at a sufficient distance. But John, who understood evil, and specifically tyranny, as well as any man, was serenely confident that the good in men could be appealed to across the evil of institutions. And the logic of his position was at once so pure and so promising that critics could find in it no chink for their disclaimers and perforce gave it their enthusiasm.

The Cardinals who chose Pope John as an easy solution to their differences are caught now in an irony. His brief but unforgettable years on the Throne of St. Peter have made their task not easier, but infinitely more difficult. The world now knows what criteria define a great Pope; the world will watch to see who becomes heir to John's legacy: a Catholic Church rededicated to the future of mankind in this most perilous of centuries. No institution is wealthy enough to squander a gift so precious.

Oregon Points the Way

Civil defense has served two main purposes. In a society where work is at a premium, it has created paid jobs for some thousands of politicians and retired military men and lesser functionaries, and an outlet for the patriotic zeal of a much larger number of volunteers. Its major role, however, has been to convince the ordinary citizen that nuclear war need not be utterly catastrophic. The civil-defense propagandists have held out the hope that if we appropriated another few billions — with a down payment of only a few hundred millions — most of us could survive and there would always be an America, democracy and all. No large number of citizens have actually believed this, but nowadays few care to challenge the voice of authority, and still fewer wish to face a reality as grim as nuclear reality actually is. At the very least, many were dissuaded from joining some peace movement.

From this organized befuddlement the Oregon legislature and the Portland City Council have provided an escape. "Oregon," writes a reporter on the scene, "has virtually seceded from the Union's civil defense. Long-smoldering, grass-roots opposition to the program burst into flame. . . ." Representative Edith Green (D., Ore.) uses the same term: "Oregon's grass-roots revolt." That is the importance of what has happened, rather than the action of the legislature in reducing the Oregon civil-defense program to token proportions — a staff of three and a $50,000 budget — and the Portland City Council's eliminating the local budget altogether. When popular perception triumphs over official nonsense in one place, the same thing can happen elsewhere, and the civil-defense moguls in Washington, not unreasonably, are alarmed.

Last October 12, Oregon was buffeted by high winds which did millions of dollars' worth of damage, especially around Portland. Civil defense proved virtually useless, despite the fact that the city and state had both been in the forefront in its support. Drawing the obvious conclusion, a month later the Portland voters defeated a $75,000 bond issue to continue the program. Now the snowball was rolling, and toward the end of May the City Council voted to eliminate the $109,000 CD budget and to abolish the agency entirely. The subsequent action of the Oregon legislature was neatly timed to coincide with the House Armed Services subcommittee hearings in Washington, where CD found itself under attack.

The latent skepticism of many Oregon voters and officials was coming to the fore. "Since the advent of the hydrogen bomb," said Stanley Earl, the Portland city commissioner who led the revolt locally, "I have felt civil defense is useless. We are in a target area and if a bomb drops there is nothing we can do to alleviate the effects." That was bad enough, but what he added was worse. The people of Portland, he maintained, "feel the only solution is peace."

They do, too. Some are still living in the pre-nuclear age, but reality has caught up with a great many. "Those shelters," a teletype operator commented, "would end up as crematoriums." A college-educated housewife with three children expressed the hope that

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"Oregon will become a pace-setter for the rest of the nation in exposing wasteful and unrealistic planning for civil defense, which cannot hope to cope with the prospect of unknowable catastrophe."

In Washington, Steuart L. Pittman, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Civil Defense, said it was "inevitable" that Portland will "eventually absorb the facts of the nuclear age." Portland *has* absorbed them. It is Pittman who hasn't.

Freedom House on Cuba

Freedom House has just issued a report on "What Can We Do About Cuba?" — a compendium of 400 pages of transcript of discussion at a three-day assembly held five weeks ago at New York University's Gould House at Ardsley-on-Hudson. Roscoe Drummond, a columnist for the New York *Herald Tribune* and board chairman of Freedom House, presided, and among the twenty-five participants were Professor Frank Tannenbaum of Columbia University, Leo Cherne, and Daniel James, executive secretary of the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba, which co-sponsored the affair with Freedom House.

If the prescriptions of this group are followed, there is a good chance that there will not be a free Cuba, or in fact any Cuba at all. There may not be a United States either. Although there were some sharp differences of opinion among the experts, *The New York Times* reported there was "fairly close" agreement on three points: (1) Castro's regime can be toppled *without* U.S. military action; (2) hit-and-run raids *are* contributing to Castro's difficulties; (3) raids not staged from bases on U.S. soil do *not* endanger the peace. The report also noted that the tough U.S. stand on Russian missiles last fall "forced the Soviet leaders to act with caution everywhere." The conclusion drawn was that "if choices must be made as to where we should take bold stands, Cuba is the most logical place. . . ."

If ever there was a prescription for nuclear war, this is it. The general formula is that we keep pressing the Soviets in the expectation that, when it comes to an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation, they will always blink. But at the next contest of this type, they may not blink; in the context of the Sino-Soviet struggle, it is difficult to see how they can. And, of course, we *can't* blink; if we did, Freedom House and the Republican National Committee would be all over Kennedy like a pack of dogs on a woodchuck. The President is doubly vulnerable in this respect: he has made a public commitment that we will not permit the Soviet forces in Cuba to be used to put down a "Hungarian-type" uprising on the island. The Freedom House group takes adroit advantage of this opening. They warn that the presence of these Soviet troops "might be the spark to ignite a nuclear war, if some incident arose to touch off a Hungarian-type uprising." Precisely, and it is for this reason that our prime objective should be to secure the early removal of the Soviet troops — and not to encourage an uprising in Cuba.

Labor and the Defense Economy

A recent conference in New York, sponsored by Cornell University, offered the labor movement an opportunity to canvass the issues and implications of the cold-war economy. The meeting drew fewer than fifty labor representatives, none of them from the top ranks of leadership. By contrast, a conference in Boston for military contractors attracted several hundred key industrial leaders who, among other things, heard Senator Edward Kennedy urge them to go after their share of the military budget even more aggressively than they have been doing. Apparently our labor "establishment" is as far as ever from any willingness to look squarely at the arms economy.

The New York meeting raised central issues; speakers included three leading union research directors plus Seymour Melman, I. F. Stone, Hans Bethe and two men from the Department of Defense. As these men and others addressed themselves to the economics of disarmament, the changing patterns of procurement, the military economy and economic growth, the role of government in collective bargaining and the nature of the military-industrial complex, a clear line of demarcation emerged between those on the inside of the labor movement and those outside. The outsiders—Stone, Melman and George Brooks—stressed the degree to which the arms economy has pre-empted sources of economic growth, frozen the agenda of government and eroded the freedom of collective bargaining. Insiders like Woodrow Ginsburg of the United Auto Workers, Everett Kassalow of the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department and Sylvia Gottlieb of the Communications Workers refused to talk to these terms. They simply complained that the government has not yet understood its full responsibilities to those directly affected by shifts in military technology or procurement patterns. The Auto Workers, for instance, want the Defense Department to negotiate *on their behalf* better training programs, job-security clauses and separation allowances in the military industries.

At these sessions, labor spokesmen came closer than before to admitting that collective bargaining is less and less able to cope with the effects of technological change and large-scale geographic shifts of economic activity. Yet they do not see that the arms economy is directly connected with our slow growth and stubborn unemployment. Nor will they admit that the government to which they turn for help cannot serve as the instrument for social change and the redress of labor's real grievances. Indeed, their willingness to accept a government as fully committed as ours is to the cold war is the most dispiriting spectacle of all.

Fundamental Issue

The haughtiest of the ad-supported magazines has long been *The New Yorker*, which admits to having rejected 125 pages of advertising last year and is suspected in the trade of having turned down something closer to a thousand. It declines hangover remedies,

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estrogenic cosmetics, vitamin tablets, slimming devices, feminine-hygiene products, depilatories, laxatives, contact lenses and milk farms, and limits its liquor and cigarette advertising.

The New Yorker is the last of the slick magazines where the advertising department takes its orders from the editorial side and for this it deserves our admiration and even awe. Now it has decided that it "will no longer accept foundation-garment advertising containing either photographs or sketches of bras, girdles, foundations, panties, waist cinches, or other garment normally worn under a slip."

In the slick magazine world, courage can go no further. And yet, as a Strong Stand, this one is monumentally trivial. The women who buy these products and have to wear the machines were never bemused by the advertisements; the purpose was to amuse the art directors. Connoisseurs of such advertising can still turn to *The New York Times* Sunday Magazine Section, the principal hothouse for this innocent form of eroticism. And now the *Times* must make its agonized decision on this grave issue.

Heresy in Ohio

Recently the lower house of the Ohio legislature passed, 104-25, a bill denying speaking privileges on state university campuses to Communists and "others with anti-American views." The views of a gentleman named John B. Fullen should be scrutinized in this light. The question: are views critical of college football *ipso facto* anti-American?

As everyone knows, Ohio, with the possible exception of Mississippi, is crazier about football than any other state, and nowhere is this estrus more vehement than at Ohio State University. By one of the ironies of history, Mr. Fullen has been for thirty-five years the secretary of the Ohio State University Association, which has 34,000 members who have contributed more than $12 million to the university and helped to produce $15 million in endowments. With this record, Mr. Fullen came to believe that football was overemphasized at the university. He not only believed it; he said it, and opposed the Buckeye football team's going to the Rose Bowl on Jan. 1, 1962. The Ohio faculty was also opposed, and the team did not go. Grave schisms resulted in both the faculty and the alumni association, and the leading paper of Columbus, the *Dispatch*, came to the defense of the great sport in which the Buckeyes so excelled. As a part of the campaign, the *Dispatch* took Mr. Fullen and the faculty to task in severe terms. The resulting reaction among *Dispatch* readers may have gone farther than the editors intended. Anti-football professors were labeled "eggheads," "crackpots," "comsymps" and "fellow-travelers." A telephone and letter campaign was organized against the Fullen family.

The second time around, the Faculty Council voted to let the Buckeyes go to the Rose Bowl. They evidently had had enough, but not Mr. Fullen. In a speech in Toledo on May 28 before a chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalism society, Mr. Fullen said: "What the *Dispatch* has done to me is nothing; . . . what . . . it has done on other fronts to Ohio State University . . . is of much more significance. The *Dispatch's* football animosities have slopped over into the realm of academic freedom, free speech and free assembly, until it has eroded the cardinal principles that make a university a university and not a trade school."

Mr. Fullen is a man to be watched. And Ohio, if this episode is a criterion, is a state to be watched. Some of its journalists and their readers seem not only to be crazy about football, but just plain crazy.

The Manpower Revolution

Recent letters to *The Nation* indicate the expected: Robert Theobald's "Abundance: Threat or Promise?" [May 11 issue] has aroused widespread controversy. It is noteworthy that even Mr. Theobald's severest critics agree that he performed a notable service in spotlighting the growing need for a reappraisal of our economic structure in the light of the new technological revolution. By coincidence, only a few weeks after the article appeared Congress began taking a long, hard, comprehensive look at this revolution; a Congressional subcommittee, chaired by Senator Joseph S. Clark (D., Pa.), has undertaken a study of automation and manpower that may take eight months to complete. One of its first witnesses was Mr. Theobald, who repeated to attentive Senators the hard facts and bold conclusions presented in his *Nation* article. Another early witness was Donald Michael of the Peace Research Institute, who warned of the evolution of an automated society, run by a technological elite, that might conceivably leave the great mass of our manpower permanently unemployed.

It is unlikely that many of the scores of the witnesses to be heard by the subcommittee will share the unconventionality of approach shown by Messrs. Theobald and Michael. But in this context even the clichés have their uses—the suggestions for the shorter workweek, improved social security, early retirement, etc. As Leon Keyserling pointed out in *The Nation's* Letters column last week, the answer to the problems of abundance — or what Senator Clark has called the "manpower revolution" — may well lie not in a single formula, but in a variety of measures designed to assure that distribution keeps pace with production.

Besides Chairman Clark, the members of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, parent body of the subcommittee holding the hearings, are Patrick V. McNamara (D., Mich.), Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.), Jacob K. Javits (R., N.Y.), Quentin N. Burdick (R., N.D.), Jennings Randolph (D., W. Va.), Edward Kennedy (D., Mass.), Winston L. Prouty (R., Vt.) and Len B. Jordan (R., Idaho). These men face an issue that has already become critical, as witness our steadily growing unemployment rate; their report could turn out to be one of the most important public documents of our time.

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BERLIN: a New Approach

Senator Claiborne Pell

Of the many centers of international crisis today, none is more potentially dangerous nor has festered longer than the situation in Berlin. For eighteen years we have been confronting this problem, which has been sometimes deceptively quiescent, sometimes productive of violent localized struggle and loss of life, more often verging on eruption into conflict which could engulf us all. We have witnessed policies of "brinkmanship" and the maneuvering of armed forces into positions from which withdrawal is increasingly hazardous. We have gained at best a form of *status quo*—made, however, less favorable to our own national interests, to the interests of the German people and, indeed, of all who desire freedom everywhere by the construction of the Berlin wall.

In my opinion, we have for too long promoted expedients rather than a basic resolution for the problem. We need a fresh approach, and we need to take the initiative in this respect—before we are compelled once again to counter Communist-motivated action.

Recent diplomatic exchanges have produced nothing to encourage great optimism. Nevertheless, it would seem that the Communist armor is not as solid as it once appeared. Moscow and Peking are scarcely in total harmony. Premier Khrushchev has expressed a wish to negotiate, perhaps because all is not well within the monolithic structure of communism, perhaps because of his clumsy failure in Cuba to change the nuclear balance of power, perhaps because the threat of nuclear holocaust makes him realize that he has more to gain through peace. We should not place undue emphasis on any of these aspects; but the fact is that negotiations *are* possible. We should, therefore, come to the conference table well prepared.

What are the goals we should espouse for an honorable settlement vis-à-vis Berlin? We are pledged to preserve the liberty and the economic viability of the western part of the city, and we are committed to defend our right to maintain an appropriate garrison there. But there is one more goal for which we ought to strive: guaranteed land access to the city itself.

At the conclusion of World War II, before hostilities between East and West became manifest, we did not insist on specific land access to Berlin. Instead, we preferred to have rights of general access. These were never formalized by treaty, and they have grown into a source of dispute which goes to the very root of the Berlin problem. Furthermore, West German travel to the city is subject to the whim of East German authorities; constant turmoil and confusion are the result. Thus, explicit land access to Berlin, through 110 miles of East German territory, is essential to the agreement we should now seek to reach.

I believe that the Berlin-to-Helmstedt highway is ideally suited to this purpose. There would be virtually no interference with the economic life of East Germany; the highway is equipped with 79 overpasses and 65 underpasses, which traverse without obstruction not only other thoroughfares, but the 21 railroads in the area. The highway could be internationalized, as President Kennedy has suggested; but, in any case, it must be defined by irrevocable guarantee.

Are the policies we have so far been pursuing geared to a formalizing of such an agreement? Since World War II we have championed the cause of a unified Germany. Is this stipulation—here and now—realistic? Or does it lead to irresolvable stalemate? Let us examine the situation more closely.

At present in Berlin two armed camps face each other across a monstrously inhuman barrier made of stone and barbed wire. The slightest jar on one side sets off a similar seismic rumble on the other. The Russians "create" an incident; we maneuver conspicuously a squadron of tanks—and meanwhile, East Berliners cannot cross to West Berlin, even to attend burials; only the coffin with its dead body is permitted through the wall. There is inordinate suffering; and times of crisis, though they may pass without catastrophe, leave tensions higher than before. If we in the Free World, as members of the NATO alliance, allow this process to continue, surely there must come a day of reckoning.

How can we ease these tensions without jeopardizing the pledges we have made and which, at all costs, we must keep?

Our current policies provide no answer. Since 1954 we have encouraged and assisted Western Germany to build up its military might. Western Germany can now boast the most powerful non-Soviet ground force in Europe: an Army of eleven divisions and 253,000 men; a Navy of 177 ships and 28,000 men; an Air Force numbering 90,000. East Germany, in turn, has raised an Army of approximately 200,000, with a 14,000-man Navy and an Air Force of 10,000. These two establishments are, of course, the antithesis of the West's original 1946 concept of a unified Germany, stripped of its military potential and in a world at peace.

Times and circumstances obviously have changed; yet we persist in maintaining attitudes and frames of reference which look backward instead of ahead. It is high time we face the facts as they exist in 1963.

It seems inconceivable to me that either the United States or the Soviet Union, the Western Alliance or the Eastern Bloc, will agree on a disarmed, neutral Germany in the immediate future. The NATO nations certainly would not want Western Germany, the bulwark of their land forces, to withdraw its troops from their command. Nor will the Warsaw Pact Communist nations permit East Germany with its military resources to withdraw from the Communist orbit. Let us acknowledge these facts. The mere acknowledgment allows us to proceed to a new, present-day evaluation of the German situation.

Claiborne Pell, Democrat of Rhode Island, was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1960 by the largest plurality in the history of his state.

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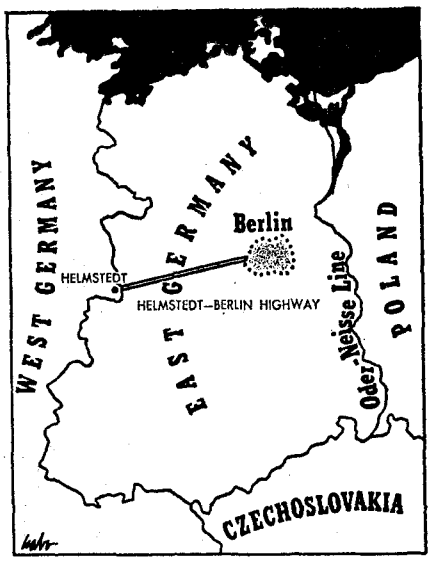
To achieve a formal, ironclad guarantee from the Communists on our rights of land access to Berlin, certainly we can afford to acknowledge the continuing existence of the two German governments and agree, moreover, on the Oder-Neisse line as the East German-Polish border. Such an agreement would in no way infringe on our commitments for preserving West German freedom — and the Communists would not have gained control over a single human being or a single square inch of territory not already under their rule. By consistently refusing to deal with the *de facto* East German government, we strengthen the Soviet hand, rather than—as we would prefer to think — enfeeble it. We simply augment the stalemate.

But if we accept reality, not only do we open the door for a conclusive accord, but we would be nurturing an environment which could ultimately and successfully undermine the Communist satellite regimes. Poland is the leading industrial satellite nation in the Soviet European empire. Its estimated Gross National Product of $21.5 billion tops by $2 billion the GNP of East Germany. Only the Communist countries *formally* recognize the 283-mile, Polish Oder-Neisse frontier. If the West recognized this boundary as well, one of the chief bonds tying Poland to Russia would be severed; and the fundamental anti-Russian feelings of the Polish people, who inhabit the Oder-Neisse territories to the virtual exclusion of all other nationalities, would be given stimulating impetus. A spirit of unrest, of rebellion, is latent in all satellite countries. It cannot grow contagiously, however, while it is enclosed in the vise of unmoving policies.

I believe that the agreement I suggest would have immense, long-term benefits. To begin with, by seizing the initiative in the easement of tensions, we could concentrate more vigorously on the relaxation of the Communist controls at the Berlin wall itself. Amelioration of these conditions is of prime concern to Berliners, both East and West.

We could follow through with other methods of tension reduction. It would be possible to work out a revised status-of-forces in West Berlin, whereunder American, British and French forces would be garrisoned in West Berlin at the invitation of the West Berlin government. In turn, this would strengthen the position of Mayor Willy Brandt.



We could initiate steps with the Communists for a mutual slackening-off of propaganda and intelligence operations and, in keeping with efforts presently being made by the West German government, trade could be normalized between West and East Germany and between West Germany and other nations—Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary—behind the curtain. In actuality, trade between East and West Germany today amounts to almost half a billion dollars annually; but it is hampered by lack of legitimization. It is well known that communism feeds on areas where poverty and low standards of living prevail. Prosperity has never been a Communist ally in the lands the Kremlin dominates; nor do we find in these lands the higher living standards which prosperous trade relations engender.

It has been suggested that the United Nations headquarters be moved to Berlin. To me this particular step appears somewhat extreme, and I would question its practicability. However, I see no reason why the European headquarters of the UN, presently at the Palais des Nations in Geneva, and the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, presently in Paris, should not be shifted to Berlin. I would prefer to see them in East Berlin, where their salutary effect, I feel, would be most productive; but no matter in what part of the city they were based, these two bodies would help ease political temperatures.

As tensions are reduced, so also would be reduced our current adverse balance-of-payments position. We are now spending more than $50 billion a year for national defense and supporting more than 400,000 men in Europe. No other NATO member makes a comparable outlay; no other has a longer draft period than our own. Yet our NATO allies are today enjoying a $4 billion-plus trade in consumer, nonstrategic goods with the Soviet bloc. In an environment where some military relaxation could be implemented, wouldn't it be possible for us to share in an expansion of peaceful and profitable trade?

We must face other realities, however, before considering a more serene future. Unfashionable as it may be to mention, the prospect of a *rearmed* and reunified Germany looms with a dark foreboding over a great many European minds. Not easy to forget is the fact that Germany has engaged in three aggressive wars in the past hundred years. The memory bolsters today's general acceptance of the premise that Germany should not be equipped with nuclear weapons; and it gives emphasis to our own point of view that the proliferation of these weapons should be prevented. On this most important single policy, for once, we and the Soviets agree. From a long-term viewpoint, though, no one nation can or should be singled out in this connection, no matter what her history or whether she has been victorious in a war or defeated.

For Eastern Europeans, the specter of a rearmed Germany has more alarming connotations. Communist authorities and satellite leaders exploit this apprehension, which is none the less genuine. Eastern Europe's fears are deeply rooted, stemming not only from brutalities suffered during World War II, but from centuries of earlier German attacks and occupation. We must not ignore the fact that a great majority of Eastern Europeans fear the Germans even more than they do the Russians.

The Poles, remembering all too vividly German conquest and subjugation, listen most uneasily when the usually reasonable Dr. Adenauer says that "the Oder-Neisse line is

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not Germany's frontier," and they are placed in the ironic position of having to choose the Russians as their defenders. A much more strident neo-Nazi West German minority calls for regaining the Sudetenland in Czechoslovakia. Surely, if a rearmed Germany should ever move eastward again, we would witness once more a European inferno.

Europeans also remember that twice within the past half-century Germany's future ability to wage war has been strengthened by arrangements and understandings reached with Russian rulers. Both the Rapallo Agreement in 1922 and the Ribbentrop Agreement in 1939 were calculated to allow Germany to concentrate its efforts against the West.

For these reasons alone, practical as well as psychological, I submit that a rearmed, reunified Germany is not necessarily the best bulwark against the Soviets.

Many intelligent and moderate Germans are today fully aware of the dangers inherent in militant reunification. As long ago as 1959, the German Social Democrats advanced the Deutschland Plan, accepting the Oder-Neisse frontier. Klaus von Bismark, grandson of the almost legendary old "Iron Chancellor" and now Director of the North Rhine-Westphalia radio network, recently added his support to this concept and suggested that, in accord with the current thinking in West Berlin, priority be given to the bettering of East German conditions. President Charles de Gaulle, whose opinions are frequently controversial, but whom we should seek to understand as basically a European realist, accepts the Oder-Neisse frontier as valid.

Our diplomatic tasks have never been more complex. The maintenance of a strong, coordinated Western alliance, with all parties in harmony, requires in itself exceptional energies. We must never for a moment forget, however, that the Communists are our chief enemy and that we are their number one target. And in this respect I firmly believe that a policy of total inflexibility is purposeless.

It seems obvious to me that a reunified, rearmed Germany—even if it were desirable—is not to be achieved by any means short of the violent upheaval which even the most sanguinary among us strenuously wish to avoid. By gaining what we lack—guaranteed land access to the island of freedom which Berlin has come to be—in exchange for recognition of the *de facto* East German regime, we would be taking a long stride toward ending the cold war.

In effect, we would be exchanging hope for hopelessness—and we would be fostering those very conditions which, in my opinion, can alone lead to the *ultimate* goal we have traditionally championed: a unified, unarmed Germany in a peaceful community of nations. Two armed camps cannot in this case be forged into one. Patently, the Russians will never make this concession; but two armed camps, clearly and objectively acknowledged as such, can eventually be *dis*armed. There is the hope.

We must assume that the Soviet Union, confronted with its own internal and external anxieties and problems, is willing for an abatement of tensions. After all, the Russians, too, are realists. Let us, therefore, take the initiative in Berlin. For the first time in many years, we would have much to gain in this vital area, and nothing that is fundamental to our honor to lose.

Back Seat for the Liberals . . . . . Frederick Kuh

Washington, D.C.

Although it is too early to write the definitive history of what befell liberals in the Kennedy Administration, a provisional balance sheet can be drawn. On the whole, liberals have not been having a picnic; irrespective of occasional flashes of liberalism in his own outlook and actions, the President seems a little uneasy in their presence. Furthermore, he is chilly toward people who are predictable. You swing more weight if you must be bargained for.

Most of the President's closest advisers tend toward conservatism, or wholly embrace that philosophy. McGeorge Bundy—a major figure on the White House staff—reflects Kennedy's own vein of Massachusetts conservatism. He was intimately involved in the Bay of Pigs invasion of April 17, 1961, and about seven months later was a driving force in the ousting of Chester Bowles, a distinguished liberal, as Under Secretary of State—an odd acknowledgment of Bowles's substantial contribution in brains and work for Kennedy's election to the Presidency. Earlier this year, it was Bundy who, on behalf of the White House, cleared a State Department pronouncement attacking Canada and precipitating a Canadian national election and the fall of the Diefenbaker government.

Bundy is a Republican, as are the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, John McCone; Treasury Secretary C. Douglas Dillon; the administrator of the Disarmament and Arms Control Agency, William C. Foster; and Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara. These men are more conservative than the run of people below them. Presumably they were appointed to blunt Republican criticism.

McNamara has made his post a much more powerful one than it has previously been in peacetime. He did this by centralizing authority in the Secretary's hands to an unprecedented degree. In view of the new concentration of power, future Presidents will have to exercise exceptional caution in choosing their Defense Secretaries.

It should be noted, in fairness, that McNamara and the head of the Disarmament Agency, Foster — although both are pronounced conservatives — have promoted some important liberal aims. McNamara has reasserted civilian mastery over the U.S. military establishment and has shown awareness of the industrial-military complex and its challenge to a democratic society. Fos-

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ter, too, deserves credit on at least one important score. Early this year, the office of Senator Joseph Clark (D., Pa.) took a sample poll which indicated that a nuclear test-ban treaty would fail to win the necessary two-thirds majority for Senate approval. Yet Foster has defied these powerful anti-treaty forces in Congress by boldly, publicly and cogently arguing the advantages of such a treaty.

Strangely, in some ways the President has encouraged liberalism in areas in which liberals are usually least at home, like the Defense Department, and given no similar stimulus to agencies that are natural havens for liberals, like the Department of the Interior.

Liberalism as an ideology has become unfashionable around the White House. The President is anti-ideological. He is a pragmatist who prefers to shape policies from a broad variety of viewpoints. The one ideology permanently remaining in favor, of course, is anti-Sovietism. But this has led President Kennedy, as it led some of his predecessors, into occasional traps; in the case of several Latin American regimes and at least one Southeast Asian government, we have been backing the wrong people.

In the economic field, issues like taxation, slum clearance and the West Virginia wage scale can still arouse emotion. But the need for a higher rate of economic growth is generally accepted and, under this Administration, that growth level has been improving. As his attitude toward the recent boost in steel prices showed, the President was unwilling again to face the wrath of the steel industrialists, whose similar price hike he thwarted more than a year ago. Doubtless he remembered the stock-market collapse that followed his victory.

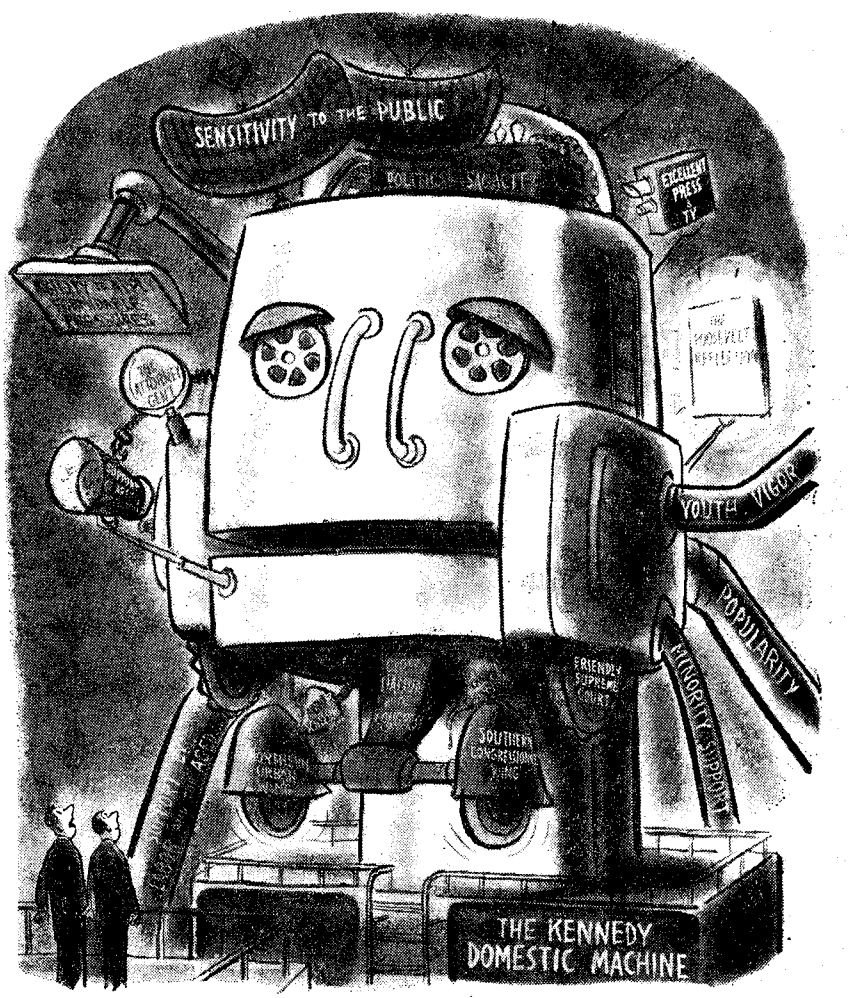
Liberals in Washington, including some in government, acknowledge the President's interest in people and what happens to them. There was the episode during the 1960 election campaign when Kennedy telephoned the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., as a gesture of sympathy for the Negro leader, then under arrest in the South. Again, in the very recent incident involving the Reverend King's arrest in Birmingham, the President telephoned Mrs. King. Much more telling was Kennedy's dispatch of 3,000 troops to the Birmingham area after violence flared there.

Now the President's pre-election pledge is being recalled: he then said that the office he now holds demands that the President "place himself in the very thick of the fight, that he care passionately about the fate of the people he leads. . . . The White House is not only the center of political leadership. It must be the center of moral leadership." It is not President Kennedy's commitment against racism which is being called into question, but what appears to be the pallid quality of that commitment, contrasted with his brave pre-election words.

Turning from civil rights to foreign affairs: the test of liberalism in that field has undergone a profound change within one generation. Until Franklin Roosevelt's Presidency, internationalism was the touchstone of liberalism. But under FDR the isolationists evaporated and their creed became meaningless. Since then, huge advances in technology, in missiles and space, have made isolationism obsolete.

In place of this test has come something less simple. It now makes considerable sense to divide the internationalists into those who give primacy on the one hand to the military and to Europe and, on the other, to non-European, notably underdeveloped, regions and to disarmament, the Peace Corps, cultural relations abroad and the U.S. Information Agency. The latter, of course, are far more likely to be liberal.

Using these criteria as the measure of liberalism, what of the Department of State under President Kennedy? Under the late John Foster Dulles and then under Christian Herter, the department had a distinctly conservative, or reactionary, reputation. It recovered only partially and slowly from the dreadful mauling it had taken so meekly from Joe McCarthy. Even today, a pronounced liberal with strong views and an inclination to assert



Punch: Ben Roth

"It's wonderful — but what does it DO?"

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them is out of place in the department. A liberal who wants a career in the American diplomatic service, or perhaps who merely wishes to survive there, will make himself or his ideas inconspicuous. He will often be deferential when he should be assertive.

The five top men in the State Department today are Secretary Rusk, Under Secretary George Ball, Under Secretary for Political Affairs Averell Harriman, Deputy Under Secretary U. Alexis Johnson and William J. Crockett, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration.

Of these, Harriman is the most liberal. But he probably owes his quick rise to the third highest post in the department to the fact that he attended to his knitting in a relatively narrow field and avoided guerrilla fighting in Vietnam-on-the-Potomac. He was given one specific task early in the Kennedy Administration: to help negotiate the fourteen-nation Geneva agreement, signed last July and establishing Laos as a neutral, independent country. Despite the partial collapse of this accord in the past couple of months, Harriman emerged from this assignment with high marks.

His immersion in the tangled Laos problem kept him at a healthy distance from that sticky flypaper called Cuba, on which those other liberals, Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles, became stuck. His associates in the State Department say that he helps to assure his political survival by submerging his views in those of the President in almost military fashion, though at lesser levels he will fight for his beliefs.

Michigan's six-time former Governor, the liberal G. Mennen Williams, has applied himself exclusively to his work as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. He has made an impact in renovating and liberalizing U.S. policies toward Africa, though in some degree frustrated by the Administration's strong European orientation.

Stevenson was harmed by last autumn's *Saturday Evening Post* article, alleging that during the October, 1962, Cuban crisis he had suggested U.S. abandonment of its bases in Italy and Turkey in return for withdrawal of Soviet missiles from Cuba. It was widely observed that President Kennedy was rather slow in coming to Stevenson's defense. While Stevenson does not belong to the inner policy-making group around the President, his remarkable talents remain a big asset for the Administration.

Another liberal, Bowles, is even farther removed from the centers of decision. Indeed, partly owing to the machinations of Bundy, he was ignominiously dismissed as Under Secretary of State in late November, 1961. More than any other man, Bowles was the author of the 1960 Democratic platform on which Mr. Kennedy ran for the Presidency. Bowles's thinking has remained closer to his outlook prior to assuming office than that of very many others. Perhaps it was on this virtue of consistency and courage that he stumbled or was tripped up.

Stevenson, Bowles, Williams and Harriman are all former state governors and therefore bring with them to the Administration a political following which is no small asset to the President. Other liberals or semi-liberals holding responsible posts under Kennedy are generally technicians: George Ball, a specialist in Common Market affairs; Thomas Finletter, who was Truman's Secretary of the Air Force and is now our Ambassador at NATO headquarters in Paris; Walter Heller, a gifted professor of economics, now chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers; Edward R. Murrow, ex-vice president of the Columbia Broadcasting System and now director of the U.S. Information Agency.

Meanwhile, the victimized Chester Bowles is about to return to his former post (1951-53) as American Ambassador to India, where he acquitted himself with distinction. In his new-old job he may enjoy the advantage of cultivating a relatively compact diplomatic garden and shunning the Washington rough-and-tumble where liberals in exalted positions must beware of ambushes.

Outrage on Bodega Head . . . . . Gene Marine

> . . . dread Charybdis sucks the dark waters down. Three times a day she spews them up, and three times she swallows them down once more in her horrible way.
>
> —*The Odyssey.*

Bodega Bay, Calif.

About 500 people live in this little community. They don't count. A couple of million people in or near San Francisco, and about 15,000 more along the fifty-mile line between the two places, don't count either, but that's different. They don't know what's happening. The people in Bodega Bay do. They — and a few others who care about things like nuclear safety and conservation and the right of a populace to make its own decisions — are the only people who know what the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is up to.

In brief, P. G. & E. is going to build a nuclear-powered, steam-electric, generating plant. The plant will contain seventy-five tons of 2½ per cent enriched uranium fuel — 375 pounds of pure uranium, or about 150 times as much fissionable material as the Hiroshima atomic bomb. It will be kept from blowing up by a new safety system which has never been completely tested.

The reactor will be about 333 yards — 1,000 feet — from the line of San Andreas Fault, the same ever-active line of earth slippage that caused the 1906 San Francisco earthquake, as well as a few hundred lesser tremors before and since. (The one in 1906 turned over a locomotive just twenty miles from where the new reactor will be.)

Fantastic? We haven't begun. A 300-foot stack on the reactor plant will emit waste gases, including some charming stuff called iodine-131, which is radioactive. I-131 decays fairly rapidly, but since the plant will operate all the time, it will drop I-131 all the time. It will drop it, mostly, on Sonoma County dairy lands. This is an area which

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prides itself on the speed with which it gets milk to the market. It should be no trick at all for the Sonoma dairymen to get milk into California homes three or four days before half the I-131 has decayed.

The question, of course, is how much iodine-131? Nobody knows. Then wouldn't they try to find out before they build the plant? No.

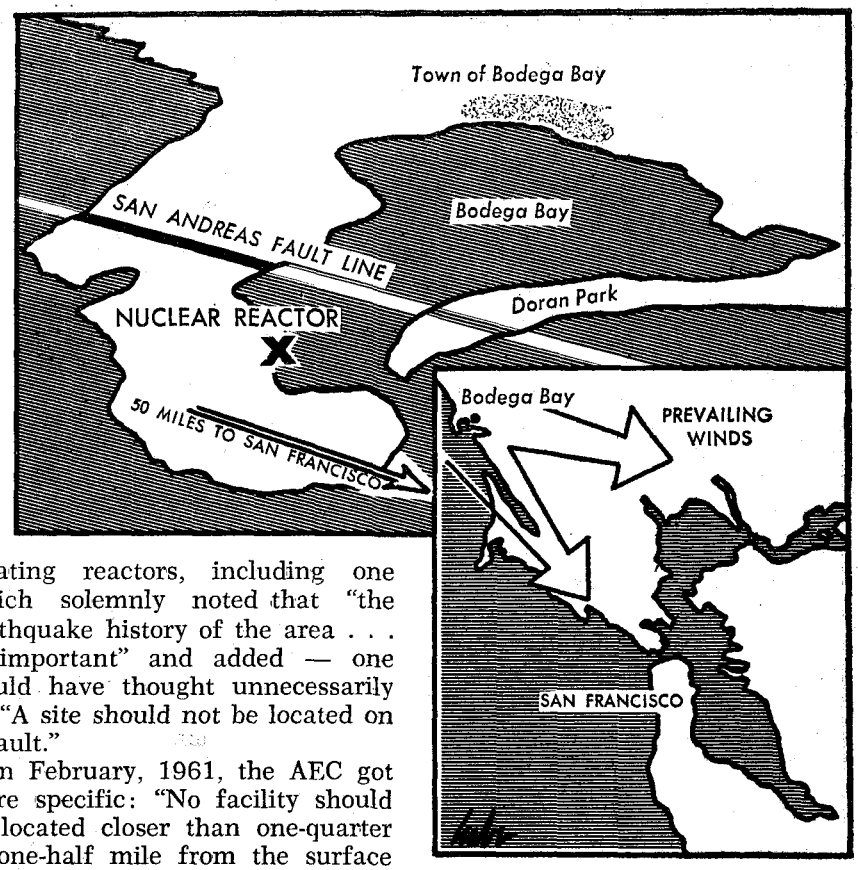
The little town of Bodega Bay — two miles from the reactor site — pulls twice as much fish out of the ocean as does the publicized fishing fleet at San Francisco's Fishermen's Wharf. The Bodega fleet comes into the bay through a dredged channel, directly downwind from the 300-foot stack.

The bay itself is good for clamming, too — at the moment. But the plant is being built on Bodega Head, the peninsula that forms the harbor, and it's going to be a boiling-water reactor. That means picking up bay water, running it through the reactor, then discharging it, heated, into the ocean. Once in a while the water is recirculated — in effect, pushed back through. This will ruin whatever clamming hasn't already been destroyed by the road to the plant, which will run through clam-rich tidelands.

Nor is that all, though it ought to be enough. The existence of the reactor, playing its suck-and-spit game with the water, will very probably destroy a unique marine ecology which the University of California has been wanting to study for years.

Then there's Doran Park, a sand-spit which, with Bodega Head, makes Bodega Bay one of the only five safe harbors along 300 miles of tortuous, treacherous Pacific Coast. Doran Park was turned over to Sonoma County by the State of California on condition that it be preserved as a park. At its *widest* point, it's less than 350 feet wide. P. G. & E. will run power lines down the center of the park; its easement is 180 feet wide. Why don't they put the wires underground? "Uneconomical." (P. G & E. refers to its about-to-be-constructed facility as the "Bodega Bay Atomic Park" — a description we can let pass with a mildly derisive snort.)

Some of this tender bedtime tale demands expansion, and we might as well start with the San Andreas Fault. In May of 1959, the AEC published some proposed rules for



locating reactors, including one which solemnly noted that "the earthquake history of the area . . . is important" and added — one would have thought unnecessarily — "A site should not be located on a fault."

In February, 1961, the AEC got more specific: "No facility should be located closer than one-quarter to one-half mile from the surface location of a known active earthquake fault." In the summer of 1961, P. G. & E. announced definitely, for the first time, that its Bodega Head plant would be atomic. In April of 1962, the AEC ("to eliminate ambiguity") changed the criterion to read simply that the reactor shouldn't be closer than a quarter-mile from the fault line — which is where P. G. & E. says its reactor will be. That's what it *says*.

The reactor is slated to be on Campbell Cove, an indentation on the bay side near the tip of the Head. In 1962, at a California Public Utilities Commission hearing, a P. G. & E. official said that it's just over a quarter-mile from the centerline of the reactor to the fault line. What makes it all interesting is that the company's own map, prepared by its own experts *in 1960*, shows the reactor centerline exactly 1,000 feet from the fault line — which makes it illegal by 320 feet.

None of this appears to have had any effect on the AEC's apparent willingness—even eagerness—to go along with the Bodega Bay plant. That eagerness is itself worth a short look.

In March of 1962, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy held some hearings on nuclear power. Its chairman, California Democrat Chet Holifield, read into the record a letter he'd written to AEC chairman Glenn Seaborg: "As you know, I have been disappointed for several years at the pace and extent of the atomic-power program." The letter recommended acceleration of the program, with particular reference to three planned reactors: "Yankee and Dresden or Bodega Bay." Seaborg and others in the AEC defended themselves, during the hearings, by referring to Bodega Bay as a demonstration that the AEC is, indeed, "moving ahead."

One witness, a scientist, asked when he thought nuclear power might be competitive with conventional power, said it was a long way off — except that "in a few selected areas, such as Bodega Bay in California, large nuclear plants can compete with conventional plants at these locations."

In other words, the AEC could be pushing Bodega Bay to get the Joint Committee to take the heat off. The unique geography of Bodega Bay makes it possible for a nuclear plant to be built there cheaply enough so that the electricity produced can be "competitive." P. G. & E. gets prestige and the AEC breathes easier.

The presence of Glenn Seaborg

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as chairman of the AEC, and as the target for Holifield's letter and the attacks of other Joint Committee members, is of special interest. Before the election of President Kennedy in 1960, Dr. Seaborg was Chancellor of the University of California — and the university once wanted Bodega Head for itself. So did the State Division of Beaches and Parks. Let's go back.

Before the maneuvering began, Bodega Head belonged largely to three owners. The foot of the Head, if such an anatomical designation is allowable, belonged to the George Kee estate. Most of the center of the head, including Horseshoe Cove, belonged to Mrs. Rose Gaffney, who inherited it from her husband, in whose family it had been since 1864. The tip of the head, including Campbell Cove, belonged to the family of Garry Stroh; Mrs. Stroh had been a Campbell, and her family had owned the Head since before Mr. Gaffney's family owned the neighboring land. Both the Gaffney and Stroh holdings derived directly from the original Spanish land grant.

In 1955, the National Park Service made a survey of the Pacific Coast, and recommended public acquisition of Bodega Head to preserve its historical, scientific and aesthetic values. In 1956, the California Legislature appropriated $350,000 for the acquisition of Bodega Head. (The money is still lying around, its use still authorized.) The State Division of Beaches and Parks began preliminary steps — and so did the University of California, which had discovered that, among other things, Bodega Head is an ideal location for a marine-biology laboratory.

Mrs. Gaffney — a wondrously individualistic lady whose love for Bodega Head is equaled only by the determination of her opposition to arbitrary authority — happily offered her land for preservation (later, when P. G. & E. plans became known, she offered it on condition that Beaches & Parks and/or the university oppose P. G. & E.). All seemed to be well — until July of 1957. In that month, the Division of Beaches and Parks reported cryptically that its plans for Bodega Head "had been forestalled by planned purchase of a major portion of the headland by a private-utility company."

During the last seven years or so, the University of California has drawn up several plans for its marine-biology laboratory, but whenever those plans clashed with the plans of P. G. & E., it was the university's plans that were changed.

In June of 1960, Chancellor Seaborg, in a letter of response to an inquiry, indicated that he didn't think much of a cheek-by-jowl arrangement between the university's lab and the utility's Charybdis. For one thing, he said, the Chancellor's Faculty Committee—a group created to find a site for the lab — had decided that the heated water from the reactor would affect the "marine environment" and, in addition, had been told by P. G. & E. that the water would be recirculated once a month and raised in temperature by 50°. The letter went on to say:

Horseshoe Cove might be expected to be bathed for periods of some hours in the essentially unmixed effluent at near discharge temperatures. . . . The fact that the ecological future of Bodega Head was unpredictable made it undesirable to locate a marine laboratory at Horseshoe Cove, in view of the plans for the power station.

On November 29, 1960, the Faculty Committee, having restudied the whole marine-lab problem, wrote to the Chancellor, saying that they had investigated ten alternative sites and that they thought he ought to oppose the P. G. & E. reactor publicly:

Weighing all relevant aspects, we agreed unanimously that there was not a single one of these sites that was equal to Bodega Head as it now stands. Bluntly stated, a unique Class A site for a marine facility is being exploited for power production.

The Chancellor did *not* oppose the reactor. In fact, nothing was done about that report at all. It was written twenty-three days after the election of John Kennedy; a short time later the Chancellor became the chairman of the AEC. It might also be relevant that the AEC supplies over half the university's budget. In the late summer of 1961, the university, having decided meekly to live alongside P. G. & E. and its "essentially unmixed effluent" after all, filed a condemnation suit against 300 acres of the Gaffney property.

The sheer beauty of Bodega Head is important. The marine environment is unique. The clamming and fishing industry is important because it is what Bodega Bay lives on. Nevertheless, all these things pale in importance beside the enormity of placing a huge nuclear reactor, with untested safety equipment, virtually atop the nation's most famous and most destructive earthquake fault.

There's a little-known but definitive 1957 study on reactor accidents known as the Brookhaven Report (technically, it's titled *Theoretical Possibilities and Consequences of Major Accidents in Large Nuclear Power Plants*). It starts with an "assumed condition of accidental failure" in a reactor. The "assumed" reactor is of 100 to 200 megawatts capacity; P. G. & E. will be about twice that. Brookhaven puts its "assumed" reactor on a river, thirty miles from a major city, with variable winds and no mention of earthquake peril; P. G. & E.'s project is on a narrow peninsula, with strong prevailing winds blowing directly toward a major metropolitan complex fifty miles away. The comparison is close enough. What does the report say?

It says the probable result of a major accident would be 3,400 deaths and 43,000 injuries, *not including* long-term radiation damage to several hundred thousand people. To this should be added somewhere between $2 billion and $4 billion in property damage — and now add the fact that accidents since 1957 have caused these estimates all to be revised *upward.*

How likely is an accident? Nobody knows. Estimates of the number of reactor accidents so far run from 200 to 500. The worst in the United States — the Arco reactor in Idaho — involved a boiling-water reactor like the P. G. & E. reactor at Bodega Head; its cause is still unknown. The safety system in the P. G. & E. plant — involving something called "vapor pressure suppression" — has never been fully tested, and the AEC approved it only after originally turning it down in 1960. The system hasn't been tested any more thoroughly since.

Last January, P. G. & E. approved initial construction contracts, despite the fact that final AEC approval hasn't come yet — a touching demonstration of confidence in free enterprise. Meanwhile, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall

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has entered the picture with a letter to the AEC expressing concern that the plant is to be erected so close to the earthquake line. This has encouraged the Northern California Association to Preserve Bodega Head and Harbor to undertake various legal steps to halt the project. One thing the association has already accomplished: a court has ordered the Sonoma County Board of Supervisors to hold a full public hearing on the matter — the first time such a public hearing has been ordered.

An observer, of course, feels sympathy. But not optimism. P. G. & E. is the world's largest private utility, and Bodega Bay is only a sleepy fishing village of 500 people — a place suited only for sitting, staring at the unspoiled beauty of Bodega Head, and dreaming of a world in which 500 people might count.

The Trouble with Maine . . . . . William S. Ellis

Gorham, Me.

In these enlightened times, when all good Shahs parcel out their royal hunting preserves to the peasants, we have, in our own country, a state so oligarchical in character as to suggest that the Chief Executive may one day be forced to flee to Miami.

Dismiss those that come first to mind: Montana, and the Anaconda Copper Company omnipotent atop its Butte Hill throne; Virginia, and the dedication of moldy First Family aristocracy to the Byrd barons. Turn instead to the far Northeast, to that spread of magnificent wilderness offering what is perhaps the last refuge from the oppressive busyness of the East Coast. Turn to Maine.

It has become good sport for outsiders to take potshots at Maine: to rewrite the old political saw, as Jim Farley once did, and have it read, "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont"; to keep the *Reader's Digest* posted on the quips of the natives; to suspect that the old sea dog who poses for pictures on a pier at Boothbay Harbor doesn't really know a lobster pot from a double boiler. Maine accepts these gentle knocks in good humor because, with Yankee individuality having disappeared with the last clipper ship, the state has to settle for being merely "quaint."

To look beyond this façade of simplicity, however, is to see a state gasping for breath, bogged down in the muck of supreme depression—a state dedicated, seemingly, to the humiliation of its own people. Substandard living conditions are widespread; wages (when work is available) are appallingly low; mills are shuttered and farm machinery stands abandoned in fields no longer worth working. In the tidy villages with their white churches banked in clusters of Cape Cods, people gather on the streets not only to talk about yesterday's Grange meeting or tomorrow's Rebekah Lodge social, but also to wait for allotments of government surplus food.

And yet, not many people in Maine are exercised about the situation; indeed, they give all indications of being content with their unenviable lot. Since this is so, it is understandable that the controls of government in the state are entrusted to persons who are more or less sworn to oppose major changes. Thus, Republican Governor John H. Reed, a man who makes a virtue of indecision, was able to say, after touring the state on a campaign junket, "I like what I saw."

Surely the Governor must have been referring to the scenery, or else he "likes" the sight of cancerous poverty. Governor Reed saw what he wanted to see, for, if nothing else, Maine is a kaleidoscope of heady illusions. To feast on the enchantment of mountains pressing against the sea is to forget that those caught in the middle are having to exist on a per capita income of $1,843 a year. This hardship is compounded by the fact that living expenses in Maine are fairly high. It is true that a man can buy a ten-room farmhouse, a massive barn and 250 acres of land for less than he would pay for a new Thunderbird. It is also true that he can get his hair cut for as little as seventy-five cents in many of the towns and villages. What strangles him is the cost of such basic essentials as fuel, electricity and food.

In a way, the high utility rates in Maine represent everything that is wrong with the state. They tell of old-line reactionary legislators who, in their empirical wisdom, regard the development of cheap, public power as too sweet a taste of honey for their constituents. Just as Ezra Pound expressed fear at what would happen if the classics had a wide circulation among the masses, so do these government figures fear the possible effects on the state's political structure in the event that the people are given what should be theirs.

Lobbyists representing the private utilities command considerable influence in Augusta, although not as much as in previous years. For example, in 1958, the Central Maine Power Company asked the state's Public Utilities Commission to authorize a rate increase amounting to more than $3 million. The PUC said that an increase of $860,000 was sufficient. Central Maine Power, not one to have its request weighed as simply a request, turned to the state Supreme Court with an appeal and came away with authorization for an increase more than double that which the commission would have allowed.

More recently, the National Rural Electric Commission Association charged in Washington that Central Maine Power had overcharged its customers by more than $2.5 million during the period 1958-1960. Less than two weeks later, Frederick N. Allen, chairman of the Public Utilities Commission, made this statement: "After completing further studies into the matter, the Commission will issue a final report which will indicate beyond any doubt that Central Maine Power Company's rate of return for the period questioned was well within the limits prescribed by the Commission under Maine law."

And with that, Allen let it be known what the final findings would be, even though the investi-

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William S. Ellis, a former newspaper reporter, is now a free-lance writer.

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gation was not yet completed. He was also clear on the point of law: it is perfectly legal for the Central Maine Power Company to charge anywhere from 5 to 30 per cent more than the average private-utility rates outside of New England.

Typical of the power-company executives who kept the reins of government in their hands for so many years was the late Robert Braun. In addition to being a director of Central Maine Power, Braun, who died in 1953, had interests in banks, the state's largest department store, and paper and textile companies. Because his influence seemed to spread to all corners of the largest of the New England states, he was sometimes referred to as "The Spiderman." Naturally, Braun's economic power overlapped into the political field, and he was responsible in great measure for putting various individuals in high state offices. However, the decline of Maine had its beginning long before Robert Braun's time. He simply did what others are doing today, and that is to prolong the survival of a few at the expense of many.

The strategy can be seen at work at almost every legislative session: a bill to raise the minimum hourly wage in the state to $1.15 is tabled for "further study" after an opponent warns that such a measure would be of "major economic importance" (i.e., harmful to employers); it is proposed that a person eighteen years of age be allowed to vote provided he is not a "pauper"; legislation to raise the current 3 per cent sales tax to 4 is put into motion, while suggestions that what Maine needs at this point is a more equitable personal state income tax are knocked down with arguments that such a tax would pose "a threat to our economy."

Another tragic example of this strategy can be seen in what were once rivers and streams of classic purity. For some time now, Maine, along with New Hampshire, has been feuding with the federal government over the pollution in the Androscoggin River. The government wants the states to clean up the river, and last September, representatives of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare came to New England for a conference on the matter. The representatives of Maine and New Hampshire walked out on the meeting. Another meeting was held early this year, but nothing of any real value was accomplished.

Maine's defiance of the federal government in this matter stems from the fact that the state's most powerful industries, the paper and pulp companies, are responsible for most of the pollution in the river. To cooperate with the federal government in this effort would mean pressuring the economic giants. Maine is not about to do that, or at least not until every fish in the Androscoggin dies and the river stench makes even the birches wilt.

And yet, the pulp and paper companies are the so-called "responsible" industries in Maine. The accolade is well placed when most other manufacturing operations in the state are taken into account. There are, for example, the manufacturers who deal in leather products, mostly shoes. In many cases, the method of operation in this field is riddled with here-today-gone-tomorrow movement. An operator can move into a small Maine town, take over the vacant textile mill (there's certain to be one) for practically nothing, rent the equipment he needs and hire a handful of women willing to work for salaries on a par with, say, garbage collectors in Addis Ababa.

Women play a vital role in the economy of Maine. During the period from 1950 to 1960, there was a gain in manufacturing employment in the state of 2,600 persons. Of that number, only 600 were men. Said an engineer employed by the Fairchild Semiconductor Division plant in South Portland: "Our company came to Maine, quite frankly, because we knew there was a large force of women with nimble fingers and soft brains here. Such a person is perfect for assembly-line work in a semiconductor plant."

A great many of the 960,000 residents of Maine refuse to accept the fact that blue-ribbon industries —those not engaged in nimble-finger-soft-brain work—are not going to locate in a state served by just one passenger train a day that comes from Boston and terminates in Portland; a state with inadequate — nay, nonexistent — facilities for research in such fields as electronics; a state that places more store in the illiterate pretentiousness of Rotary fellowship than in development of a creditable system of state-supported higher education.

What Maine needs, of course, is a thundering voice of dissent—someone in authority to stand up and announce that a man is a damn fool to work sixty hours a week and take home a $55 paycheck. More important, Maine needs someone who can, without concerning himself with "Yankee heritage" and other such cobwebs in this nation's northeast corner, bring to light the true value of the state. For example, it may well be that Maine has an important role to play in the world's ever-increasing need for intelligent use of the sea. At the present time the legislature is less interested in the possible development of a major oceanographic research center than it is in resolving a quarrel between lobstermen and skin-divers, the latter having been accused of catching the crustaceans by hand.

There are those who say that Maine should concentrate on building up its "Vacationland" image. Surely, the several million vacationers who come to the state every summer do provide a substantial, though seasonal, prop for the economy. But it may be too late for development even in the area of recreation. Maine catered too long to the turn-of-the-century financiers who could afford to build seashore mansions and call them "cottages." The Rockefellers, for instance, named their Seal Harbor cottage "The Eyrie," and if one cared to

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count the rooms, they would add up to eighty. "The Eyrie" is now in the process of being demolished, and when that work is completed, an era will have ended—an era that saw some villages in Maine collect as much as $10,000 each year in taxes levied on a single "cottage."

During that era, Maine allowed too many of its beaches to be closed to the public, too many of its wilderness acres to go into private ownership. Today, the federal government would like to make a National Recreation Area of the splendid expanse of rivers, lakes and dense timber growths known as the Allagash. Most of the 300,000 acres comprising the Allagash, however, are owned by paper-manufacturing interests, and they, of course, would rather have the area remain a private preserve with a primary function revolving around pulp rather than play.

From where, then, is the voice of dissent to come? Democrat Edmund S. Muskie might have been the answer had he not moved on from the governorship to the U. S. Senate. Now and again, the editorial writers on the sanguine Portland *Press Herald*, the state's most influential newspaper, flirt with reform, but they are somewhat like bilious turtledoves. Besides, the editorial page of the *Press Herald* features its own lovable May Craig and her regular accounts of how naughty the Negroes in Washington are becoming. "After reading May Craig," said a high school English teacher in the village of Gorham, "I can't take anything else seriously on the editorial page."

Maine has much help in projecting a pleasant, homely image of itself. *The Christian Science Monitor* regularly prints lengthy communiqués from old-timers who recall how much fun it was to hike through the snow to grandmother's farm at twilight; John Gould's dispatch from Lisbon Falls, also appearing in the *Monitor*, cautions against putting too much white flour in corn bread; again in the *Monitor* (it's a wonder they have room for all those Dutch and Portuguese translations), a Mr. Ronald D. Billings writes: "When I think of Maine, I think of the inland country of the North and Northwest; that land of endless green forests, studded with boulders, laved with rivers and streams, and spotted with lakes and ponds; that land where there is a mountain on every horizon."

Maine is indeed all those things. It is a state where hunters can kill 40,142 deer in a single season. It is a state where citizens can gather at their town meetings and, if they so choose, vote down the $54 appropriation for keeping the town clock wound for the rest of the year. It is a state where, if you want to travel by Greyhound bus from Portland to Concord, N.H., a distance of eighty-five miles, you have to go 200 miles south to Boston and then back up.

Most of all, though, Maine is a state in trouble. And, as the perplexed friends of the wealthy kleptomaniac are invariably told in the television dramas, nothing can be done until she recognizes her own problem.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

ing his spleen against the faculty, the university and the Bloomington community, some of his colleagues were quietly doing something *positive* about the matter, as the enclosed advertisement from the *Daily Herald-Telephone* of May 21 attests. We hope Professor Hanson will lay down his pen long enough to put his hand in his pocket and give generously to the fund which the Indiana University Chapter of the American Association of University Professors has instituted for the defense of the three students under indictment. *John N. Pappas*
Samuel N. Rosenberg

Our May 25 issue containing Mr. Hanson's article went to press on May 17, so it could not have taken cognizance either of President Stahr's statement or of the advertisement — a strong statement in behalf of academic freedom — mentioned in our correspondents' letter. — ED.

New York City

Dear Sirs: Professor Hanson's article is in refreshing contrast to the silence of professors on Attorney General Kennedy's campus witch hunt. Mr. Kennedy's attack on the young people of New York who belong to Advance is on a par with his Indiana imitator. To pick out this group as the greatest threat extant to our internal security —as the Attorney General obviously has by making it the first organization which he has asked the Subversive Activities Control Board to label as a "Communist front" — is silly. . . .

The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, which is supporting the defense both of the Advance group and the Indiana Y.S.A., believe the freedom of all students is endangered by these prosecutions. We hope others who share our belief that these unconstitutional threats must be fought, will contribute their support to our efforts.

Corliss Lamont, Chairman
Emergency Civil Liberties Committee
421 Seventh Avenue

Austin, Tex.

Dear Sirs: "Hoosier Witch Hunt" is a much too limited indictment of college professors. Having taught in public institutions in several parts of this country for forty-one years — some thirty of them in schools of university level — I am sorry to say that Professor Hanson could have generalized from the Indiana University incident. I am confident that if, as Professor of Philosophy at Yale University, he were to offer a course on the "Social Responsibilities of College Professors," he would have more than enough eligible colleagues who teach at Yale to fill at least a small auditorium. . . .

My thanks to Professor Hanson for a fine presentation.

George I. Sánchez
University of Texas

Mystery death

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs: Re your editorial, "Occurrence at Guantanamo" [May 11]: The Cuban account of the death of Ruben Lopez on September 30, 1961, as stated by Raul Castro at the funeral of Mr. Lopez on October 21, differs from the version of ex-Marine Szili. According to Castro, Mrs. Lopez was told by the Swiss consulate on October 18 that her husband's body had been found three days earlier and that an investigation into the circumstances of his death was being made. Mrs. Lopez went to the base to claim the body and was referred to Father Hailsberthy, chaplain, who advised her against viewing the body and said he would arrange interment. She persisted and the body was turned over to her on October 19. An autopsy done at the Guantanamo City morgue showed the cause of death to be trauma from broken bones and severe bruises; *there was no bullet wound.* The body had been preserved with formaldehyde not more than twenty-four hours after death. Cuban officials were given no explanation or death certificate from base authorities, and their demand that the murderers be brought to trial was ignored.

If Lopez died from trauma such as would be incurred by a beating or falling over a cliff, why the story that he was shot? If the body was embalmed within twenty-four hours of death, why the claim that base authorities had not discovered the body for over two weeks? *Mary F. Walter*

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America's Place in the Sun

MANIFEST DESTINY AND MISSION IN AMERICAN HISTORY: A Reinterpretation. By Frederick Merk. Alfred A. Knopf. 266 pp. $5.95.

Christopher Lasch

The sense in which this book is a reinterpretation, as it calls itself, will not be immediately clear to Professor Merk's readers. Although in a penultimate chapter the author brings the account down to 1898, the rest of his book is a careful, painstaking reconstruction of the events surrounding the Mexican War. That is the kind of writing that Professor Merk has always done best, and in this case, as in his earlier works, it adds measurably to one's understanding of what happened. Particularly in his discussion of the movement to acquire all of Mexico, which is certainly the best ever to have appeared, he corrects any number of mistakes made by earlier writers, and makes it clear how unsatisfactory their accounts really were. But this process of correction is not quite the same thing as a broad-scale reinterpretation of the sort the book seems to promise.

It is only at the very end that Professor Merk ventures into this larger field. When he does, a curious thing happens. His customary caution deserts him. All at once he becomes a revisionist with a vengeance. In his zeal to set the record straight — and, as part of setting it straight, to vindicate the national honor — he lays about him with opinions which not only defy precise verification but which, insofar as they can be tested empirically, seem to be contradicted by earlier portions of his own book. The gap between Professor Merk's data and his conclusions — the uneasiness with which he makes the transition from reconstructing events to generalizing about them — deserves investigation in its own right, because it is something one finds in other historians. It seems to be a general problem of contemporary historiography.

Historians have refined to precision the techniques of assembling and ordering information, but they have paid little attention to the techniques of arriving at accurate and precise generalizations. The result is that they continue to veer uncomfortably between broad and sweeping statements about the "national spirit," the "spirit of the age," and other imponderables, and a secret conviction that it is hopeless if not downright immoral to try to generalize at all. The possible existence of some middle ground, of statements of a general nature which can be shown to *approximate* reality, of statements which are neither "proved" in some absolute sense nor altogether speculative and hypothetical — all this is something historians have been reluctant to explore. *Manifest Destiny and Mission* is an especially useful example of the difficulty, because whatever is wrong with the book cannot be blamed, as historians find it so convenient to do when reviewing one another's works, on the author's alleged failure to examine the proper documents, or to make use of some particular collection of manuscripts, or to provide exhaustive annotation of his sources. Professor Merk's mastery of all such details can be taken for granted, even as one admires the quiet virtuosity with which he has displayed it here. What concerns us is why he has been unable to put his findings to better use.

Professor Merk's principal thesis, it appears, is that manifest destiny has never been something that very many Americans believed in. I say "it appears," because the point is not made in so many words until the end of the book, and it is embedded there in one of those inspirational passages of which I have already complained. The publishers printed part of it on the jacket, in blue type on a yellow background, where it might catch the eyes of reviewers.

> *It may be safe now to venture the opinion that the doctrines of continentalism and imperialism never were true expressions of the national spirit. Indeed, they were untrue expressions. . . . A thesis that goals of continentalism and imperialism were nationally sought, regardless of party or section, won't do. It is not substantiated by good evidence. A thesis better supported is that Manifest Destiny and imperialism were traps into which the nation was led in 1846 and in 1899, and from which it extricated itself as well as it could afterwards.*
>
> *A truer expression of the national spirit was Mission. This was present from the beginning of American history, and is present, clearly, today. It was idealistic, self-denying, hopeful of divine favor for national aspirations, though not sure of it. It made itself heard authentically in times of emergency, of ordeal, of disaster. Its language was that of dedication—dedication to the enduring values of American civilization.*

Is this passage only a rhetorical flourish, not to be construed as an integral part of the argument? One would like to think so, but Professor Merk insists on the point elsewhere. He makes it quite clear, finally, that he sees "mission" as the historic alternative, indeed the historic antagonist, of manifest destiny.

It is curious that Professor Merk should insist on this antagonism when he himself, earlier in the book, makes it so clear that manifest destiny "was sometimes mixed with a form of Mission of its own." He shows that the movement to acquire all Mexico appealed especially to "dreamers" and "humanitarians" in the northeastern cities, especially to the editors of great penny papers like the New York *Sun* and the New York *Herald.* Moses Beach, a Connecticut Yankee and editor of the *Sun*, declared, "To *liberate* and *ennoble* — not to *enslave* and *debase* — is our mission."

Meanwhile the opponents of Mexican annexation, far from arguing that idealistic considerations precluded such adventures, based their argument instead on the ground of race. To incorporate into the Union Mexico's "outlandish population" seemed to Edward Everett, the Whig orator, the most unimaginable folly. That opinion, widely shared both in the North and in the South, was most succinctly expressed, as might be expected, by Calhoun: "Ours, sir, is the Government of a white race." One encounters the same objections to expansion in 1899, in the debate over acquisition of the Philippines.

In the case of Mexico there were, of course, other arguments against expansion, but Professor Merk believes that the two "more fundamental" than

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any others were the racist objection and the fear of creating new slave states. The antislavery motive, unlike the racial one, seems at first unimpeachable. It seems, that is, to provide a clear case of the idealism that Professor Merk associates with opposition to expansion, and hence to support the theory that "mission" is the enemy of manifest destiny.

It happens, however, that antislavery men, Lincoln not excepted, were often expansionists. They may have opposed the movement to acquire all Mexico, they may have opposed the Mexican War itself, but many of them had earlier demanded the acquisition of Oregon even at the risk of war with England; and later, even at the risk of war with the South, they sought to secure the rest of the continental United States as an area of future Northern expansion. Most of them, it seems, opposed, not expansionism as such, but the expansion of slavery into areas where it would compete with free labor. Indeed the struggle over Kansas shows that racist and antislavery objections to Southern expansion, far from contradicting each other, as first appears, were two sides of the same coin. The founders of the free-soil government in Kansas in the same constitution outlawed slavery and prohibited the immigration into Kansas of free Negroes.

If "manifest destiny" refers only to the wish to acquire parts or all of Mexico, it is safe to conclude that it never had much national appeal. But then the real issue is not manifest destiny in this narrow sense but expansionism in general. Professor Merk makes it the issue by arguing, at the end, that Americans have always been "self-denying" idealists with a deep sense of "dedication to the enduring values of American civilization." By winding up in this fashion, he makes it relevant to ask whether American expansionism has not been all along a characteristic American impulse.

Professor Merk's book itself seems to show that Americans have consistently subscribed to a messianic ideology, according to which American institutions and habits of mind are destined to spread over large areas of the world's habitable surface. The question of whether this result is to be achieved by force or by a process of conversion — the question implicit in Professor Merk's distinction between *manifest destiny* and *mission* — is less important than the nature of the aspiration. It can be said with some assurance, however, that in practice, force and conversion seem to have been so completely intertwined (as in the case of other world religions) as to make it difficult to insist on the pre-eminence of either. The logic of "mission" can easily lead to the most sweeping schemes for conquest. At the height of the peace negotiations after the First World War, at a time, according to Professor Merk, when "Mission was a steadying force in an age of disaster," Wilsonian idealists did not hesitate to recommend the forcible suppression of revolution in both Russia and Germany — throughout the world, if necessary. Such suggestions, as always, were defended on grounds of conscience. The New York *Evening Post*, confronted with the rise of Bolshevism in Russia, declared that "the conscience of the world would approve a strong attempt to bring back order to Russia by the Allied arms and under Allied leadership, until such a time as the Russian people itself can take over the administration of a free, democratic government." This talk of bringing "order" to Russia sounds very much like earlier appeals to bring liberty and civilization to Mexico. If manifest destiny was an aberration only, a "'trap" into which the nation occasionally fell but from which each time it speedily extricated itself, it is hard to explain the persistence of such habits of thought.

The difficulties in which Professor Merk becomes involved when he tries to prove that expansionism was never a representative American idea can be traced, in the last analysis, to his treating it as an idea in the first place. It may be that a sense of mission, as Professor Merk understands it, ought to be logically incompatible with expansionist ambitions. But in all likelihood expansionism in American history is not an idea at all but an ideology, which expresses not deliberate and cool-headed decisions of public policy but the underlying and only imperfectly understood needs, compulsions and interests of large numbers of people. We see clearly enough in the case of other ideologies — the Soviet, for example — how religious exaltation, revolutionary idealism and a covetous regard for what belongs to neighboring peoples are curiously combined, but we find it much more difficult to see the same combination in our own past. Yet our history begins with the Puritans, who borrowed from the Jews (among other things) the concept of themselves as a chosen people; it is bound up with the revolutionary upheavals of the eighteenth century, which gave a political dimension to the religious mission to spread the word; and it is also the history of the expropriation of a vast continent, of a search for *Lebensraum* unusually ardent even in the turbulent record of Western nationalism.

If one looked at American expan-

ALAN WATTS

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PANTHEON

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siveness as an ideology, comparable to other ideologies compounded of conquest and conversion, one might no longer find it so difficult to deal with the logical inconsistencies in which the history of expansionism abounds. Or to turn the matter around: these very inconsistencies — the fact, for instance, that schemes of forcible conquest are found to coincide with a most exalted sense of dedication to noble aims — ought themselves to serve as a warning that one is dealing with a state of mind to which the ordinary rules of logic do not necessarily apply.

The Game Called Tragedy

METATHEATRE: A New View of Dramatic Form. By Lionel Abel. Hill and Wang. 146 pp. $3.95.

Evert Sprinchorn

When I was in college, two of my fraternity brothers who undertook to teach me poker kept switching the rules, so that I rarely won a hand. Finally realizing that I was being taken advantage of, I suggested we change the game, and I proceeded to teach them schafskopf, a game of the skat family familiar to every beer-drinking Milwaukeean and to no one else. I am sure my fraternity brothers thought I was making up the rules as I went along, and I can still recall their consternation when I told them that the four queens and the four jacks are *always* the highest trumps; but I was playing the game straight and managing to recoup my losses without injury to my conscience.

The modern playwright who attempts to write tragedy is in somewhat the position I was in when playing poker, and the smart thing for him to do is change the game to schafskopf. The scholarly critics would have us believe that tragedy is a word used to designate the half-dozen greatest serious plays in world literature. After these six tragedies of the scholars, which vary from scholar to scholar, depending on whose deal it is, all the rest are either flawed tragedies or tragedies *manquées* or pseudo-tragedies or pathetic tragedies or melodramas (tragedies of the people, that is). How does a tragedy merit a place among the top six? That depends on the variety of poker the critic is playing at a given moment.

Let us observe a hand or two before we place our bets. Lionel Abel in the first essay of *Metatheatre* declares that *Oedipus* and *Macbeth* are true tragedies because their heroes are demonic. Very good. Now we know enough not to bet on *Hamlet*, which might otherwise look like a sure thing. Since Hamlet is not demonic, his play cannot possibly be a tragedy.

The cards dealt next are so good that our poker face collapses into sag-jawed amazement. First an ordinary ten-spot like the Earl of Gloucester, then an ace of a girl like Cordelia, followed by the knave, Edmund, and a black queen, Goneril. So far we have only a melodrama. But if that next and last card is the right king, we shall have a hand we can bet a fortune on. Do you wonder that our hands tremble? We turn the card, and stare into the crazed eyes of demonic Lear! A perfect hand. But when it comes to the showdown, the dealer tells us Lear is not demonic; he is only mad. Nor is that all. Lear, Gloucester and Cordelia are not of the same tragic suit. The rules, according to Abel, require a tragedy to have a single point of view. The tragic poet cannot do as Shakespeare does: allow Lear and Gloucester, on the one hand, to die because "the gods are just," while allowing Cordelia, on the other hand, to die because mere mortals are to the gods "as flies to wanton boys." Thus Shakespeare's single major contribution to the story as he found it — the death of Cordelia — only contributes to the false effect of the drama. If only Shakespeare had had the sound tragic instinct of those sentimental gentlemen Nahum Tate and Dr. Johnson, who both insisted on keeping Cordelia alive, we would have had a play that comes as close to true tragedy as being mad comes to being demonic.

When Abel turns to Racine, the rules change once again. Now it is incumbent on the tragic poet to justify the death of the hero by creating a sympathetic executioner as well as a sympathetic victim, a task which Racine accomplished on perhaps only two occasions.

If the reader has followed Abel this far, he begins to see that the reason tragedy is impossible in the modern age is not that the atom bomb has made the world absurd, or that kings have become pawns, or that Nietzsche and Freud killed God, but simply that the critics have killed tragedy by defining it out of existence. If Shakespeare only once in his life, and that in *Macbeth*, succeeded in writing tragedy, what hope is there then for the aspiring modern genius who has another *Lear* lying in his desk?

If that were all there was to Abel's book, it would offer no more hope for the modern serious playwright and playgoer than a dozen other much duller books on tragedy that have appeared during the past few years. But being a playwright as well as a critic, Abel senses that he must change the

Evert Sprinchorn is a member of the Vassar faculty and an associate in the Vassar Experimental Theatre. He has translated Strindberg's Chamber Plays *(Dutton).*

The Fury of Music

When the wind strikes, nothing remains.
This is not true,
the music of wind remains,
Lashing, searching, the music of fury,
Hollowing out the stones of time.
This is not true,
man makes music;
Beyond order, the wind has no music.
Nothing remains when the wind strikes.
This is not true,
a song unites,
Wind and flesh singing together.
This music splits the rock,
this music cleans the air.
This wind, these people, lost forever,
But the fury of their music remains.

James Schevill

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game or there will soon be no reason for writing either plays or criticism. Abel's schafskopf is "metatheatre." Though it may be impossible to write or even to comprehend tragedies, since they are all Greek to us, it is still possible, says Abel, for Western man to write great plays. *Hamlet*, for instance, is great, not as tragedy, but as metatheatre. In a metaplay the hero dramatizes his own position and is free to create new situations. Thus metaplays reflect the instability of Western man just as tragedies mirrored the order of the Greeks. The Greeks lived in a world of "implacable values"; man since the Renaissance has lived in a world of changing values. The Greek tragic hero was unself-conscious and naive, accepting his world as given and his role in the plot. The modern hero is self-conscious and, like Hamlet, does not know the form of the plot he is in. To him life is a dream, the world is a stage, and he is constantly trying to rewrite the script. In a word, the modern playwright displaces God or Fate.

Unfortunately, the feeling grows on one while reading this book that metatheatre is in most cases a superfluous notion. When applied to *Hamlet*, the conception can be illuminating, for everyone is aware of Hamlet's extraordinary histrionic sensibility and, as Wagner pointed out, improvisation is the very essence of Shakespeare's genius. And in Genet it works very well. But when Abel tries to convince us that Brecht, in devaluating individual feelings and in denying the significance of the individual, was forced willy-nilly to view the world as a stage and life as a dream, he is being darkly perverse to save his thesis. In discussing Brecht's alienation effect and showing how it is opposed to the sense of reality demanded by tragedy, Abel might more profitably have used the terms of comedy than of metatheatre. And in trying to make Brecht's anti-illusionistic theatricalism an inherent part of Brecht's view of the world, Abel seems to be confusing ends and means. Because an author writes with black lead does not necessarily mean that he thinks the world is made of it.

By forcing too many plays to serve as grist for his metatheatrical mill, Abel vitiates the usefulness of his conception and is more often exasperating than convincing. In metatheatre as in schafskopf, the first rule is to quit when ahead.

ART

Hilton Kramer

Among the many ways in which modern art differs from the art of all past epochs, perhaps the most significant is to be found in the changed relation in which modern artists stand to the art of other epochs. Modern art, like modern philosophy, is the product not only of an immediate cultural and existential predicament, but of a predicament that is presided over by a radical expansion of our knowledge of the past. The quintessential modernist element in modern art is its historical self-consciousness and the sometimes crippling, sometimes liberating, effect which this consciousness of past art plays in the formulation of immediate aesthetic tasks.

Modern art has thus been radically affected by a consciousness of its own historical impermanence, and at the same time has drawn from this consciousness a conclusion that many of its most distinguished practitioners believe to be the only viable one in the light of our knowledge of the past: that it is only by specializing in the artness of art — by purifying the aesthetic factor to the exclusion of all others — that art can hope to remain a meaningful mode of expression. Modernist ideology, which is itself the outgrowth of our increased knowledge of the way past aesthetic achievements have been formed in the crucible of their respective cultures, insists none the less on extricating the aesthetic component from its integration with other (and from the puristic point of view, corrupting) modes of experience.

Exponents of purism are placed at a disadvantage, however, by the fact that their desire to articulate an aesthetically pure statement is not shared by history itself, which remorselessly transforms even the purest concepts back into the historical mode. A half-century of purist theory and practice shows us to what extent art of this persuasion remains on the same historical footing as other styles. The forms of a Malevich speak to us today less as a transcendent utterance than as an expression of a particular time, place and milieu. They are a testimony, not to an achieved timeless ideality, but to the shape that the yearning for such an ideality may sometimes take under extreme historical conditions. The premises of purism are thus refuted by the history of its own practice — indeed, by the fact that its practice has a history.

However, the fact that purist art does not, and cannot, attain the aesthetic absoluteness it so scrupulously seeks does not mean that either its history or its practice is without interest, but only that its accomplishments will be judged as we judge other works of art and not by the special standards of its own dogma.

The seven paintings of Ad Reinhardt that are included in the "Amer-

IF YOU wish to know what book **Nelson Algren** calls "the new 1984," how **William Holden** proves **"Being alive isn't enough!,"** why **Paul Neimark** accuses **Barry Goldwater** of "philosophical schizophrenia" — if you dare to know why **Burt Lancaster** and **Sherri Finkbine** are the hero and heroine of the first non-shamtroversial American national magazine — read

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icans 1963" exhibition currently at the Museum of Modern Art constitute a notable chapter in the recent history of purist painting. Indeed, in a decade more innocent than our own a critic might be forgiven for thinking them the decisive chapter, the grand (or dismal) denouement to the whole purist enterprise, but nowadays one knows that the end, even of an idea as slender as Reinhardt's, is not so quickly reached, and that further explorations—though in Reinhardt's case it would be more accurate to call them anti-explorations — can be expected. Still, his paintings do define, even if they do not completely realize, a certain outer periphery beyond which purism could not be expected to advance without retracing some of its own history. They have the additional interest of showing us how limited — and how limiting — the search for the absolute has now become.

Reinhardt's paintings are each sixty inches square and consist of mat black surfaces that are divided into (I think) nine equal squares whose edges are not at all perceptible to the casual eye and barely visible even under close examination. At the museum, these pictures are shown under slightly dimmed lights and are fenced off in a way that prevents one from examining their surfaces at close range. The single formal "event" that occurs in each painting — the meeting of these barely perceptible edges — is thus effectively canceled by the mode of installation, but this cancellation cannot be considered a great loss to the viewer. The slight formal inflection that a persistent viewer finally gleans in these pictures is of interest only as a measure of Reinhardt's failure to go the whole distance toward a painting in which absolutely nothing happens, formally or expressively. The method of installation at the museum more or less bridges that distance for the spectator, forcing the leap that Reinhardt himself, perhaps out of some final atavistic hesitation, refuses to make.

Reinhardt is one of the most sophisticated personalities on the New York art scene. He is a student of art history, a brilliant cartoonist, a gifted polemicist and a tireless frequenter of critical symposia. Nothing would be more mistaken than to suppose these black paintings to be the work of a detached observer who has turned his back on the political hurly-burly of the current scene in order to commune with transcendental spirits. They are, on the contrary, the work of an activist and a materialist who has become a prisoner of the disgust he feels at the whole spectacle of vulgar high jinks that characterizes art at the present moment, and who despairs at the inability of art to survive any decisive encounter with the real world. Reinhardt's paintings are not only consistent with his numerous polemics; they are themselves a form of polemic. No one could miss the radical extent to which their method repudiates conventional notions of style, content and expression; but no one should miss, either, the equally radical denigration of art that is implied in their refusal to tax the aesthetic faculty with anything but the most minimal expressive burden.*

Reinhardt's paintings are the most genuinely nihilistic paintings I know. Their effect is to subvert not only the vulgarities that currently prevail elsewhere on the art scene, but the very idea of art itself. That, too, is one of the salient paradoxes of the purist quest: in the name of isolating and liberating the purely aesthetic, the power of art to deal with experience at large is effectively denied. It is doubtful if any genuine artist of our time has given us a lower estimate of art's capacities than that suggested by Reinhardt's current work. A style born of a deep contempt for art's involvement with the nonaesthetic ends with an equally profound contempt for art itself. The self-doubt, at times verging on self-hatred, which many artists feel about their role today, has, in Reinhardt's work, been projected onto art and made into a style and an aesthetic commodity. Like many nihilist polemics, Reinhardt's art is a cry of despair disguised as a Utopian manifesto.

*Thomas B. Hess, praising Reinhardt's work in the current issue of *Art News*, writes: "Irreconcilable and irreducible, Reinhardt's paintings are great because they make no demands and offer nothing beyond their presence."

Night Landing

Inside the moth, stowed in its huge belly,
we fasten belts, extinguish cigarettes
and stare as it circles, aiming its flaring snout
at the lights it can not resist, plunges, bounces
and skims to a stop; then haltingly it sidles,
almost shyly, toward
the shed and opens a hole in a silvery flank
in total surrender, inert with expectation.

The caterpillar strikes, it affixes its mouth,
quivers, settles, sucks; but, not digestible,
we pass on through the gleaming red canal
to scatter, relieved, in the city. The moth, revived,
retreats, dull-eyed. The caterpillar shrinks
against the shadows of the wall, and waits.

Richard C. Raymond

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RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

MAHLER: Symphony No. 1. Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2642.

Symphony No. 1. Columbia Symphony; Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia ML 5194/MS 6394.

Symphony No. 3. Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; choruses of the Schola Cantorum and Church of the Transfiguration; New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M2L 275/M2S 675.

Of these recordings, the Leinsdorf has particular interest — in addition to the performance it contains — as an example of RCA's new "Dynagroove" recording process. This has been both enthusiastically proclaimed, by George Marek of RCA, as a major revolution in recording technique, and even more enthusiastically denounced, by Goddard Lieberson of Columbia, as an anti-artistic capitulation to mechanistic gimmickry. But neither spokesman has been very enlightening as to the actual nature or function of the process; nor, indeed, very lucid on the entire question of the relation of recording to musical activity. To attack Dynagroove, as Mr. Lieberson has done, because it involves electronic manipulation, and to assert one's own virtuous devotion to "natural" recording of "real" performances, is simply disingenuous in the context of all of today's standard recording practices of tape editing, multiple microphone placement and everything else that goes under the name of "engineering." Dynagroove appears merely to add a precisely computed program for electronicaly controlled manipulation to the engineer's more informal, hit-or-miss dial twirling. This seems designed, as far as one can tell from the inadequate information available, to gain superior control over certain individual situations, mainly that of effective variable filtration of the frequency areas where the noise problem is most severe. In any case, the problem of what constitutes "fidelity" is far too troublesome and important to be decided in the publicity-happy spirit of commercial music enterprises.

As far as Dynagroove itself is concerned, my initial impression is that, while the audible noise level on the Mahler record is remarkably reduced — so much so that my acute awareness of the absence of noise was a startling indication of how prevalent it has been—the overall sound characteristic is somewhat constrained and biteless at the frequency extremes, lacking "depth" in the lows and "brilliance" in the highs, so that the net effect is of the Boston Symphony playing in an acoustical broom closet. That is not, however, sufficient reason for dismissing Dynagroove; such problems arise more frequently from the absence of any clear idea of what constitutes a desirable musical result than from faults inherent in the processes.

Erich Leinsdorf's performance has some remarkable qualities of its own, particularly his imposition of a firm discipline on both the orchestra and the piece. This certainly seems to be a "new" Boston Symphony in the care, clarity and accuracy of its individual and ensemble playing. And the work's tendency to garrulity and formal overextension is taken firmly in hand by Leinsdorf's strict definition of rhythm and phrase, which generates a constant forward push that, although it loses most of the special qualities of Mahler's shifting nuances of motion, does focus the listener on the intelligent and controlled ear which formed the piece on a large scale,

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rather than on the somewhat undistinguished thematic detail.

The latter is the classic Mahler problem, and becomes tragic in later works where his increasingly subtle and original invention of both intensive and wide-ranging associations is coupled with a helpless inability to realize them by any means other than an incessant thematic repetition that effectively conceals from the listener the presence of a musical mind or imagination of any kind. The problems for the performer are thus formidable and frustrating, because they are, by their nature, incapable of ultimate solution. Yet the music is unquestionably worth performing, if only as a monument to the incredibly vast difference between almost-great music that is blind in one dimension and a completely realized masterpiece. Leinsdorf's approach provides a superficially satisfactory solution by fabricating a framework of constant progression that succeeds only by falsifying every dimension of the music but its largest architectural blocks; it succeeds, in short, on a far smaller scale than Mahler himself fails. Bruno Walter's performance, on the other hand, takes many more of Mahler's chances, and succeeds to a really remarkable extent in holding the work together on its own terms, following closely the inner pace of the music rather than, as in the Leinsdorf, imposing a pace at which almost anything can be guaranteed to "go."

Thus Walter's way of balancing sonorities is much less obviously clean than Leinsdorf's, but is much more individually considered with regard to the important movement of the piece, so that one soon becomes aware of a "Mahler sound" in the orchestra that also contrasts with Leinsdorf's precise neutrality. One of the most striking instances of this is the upsurging dynamic sense at crucial phrase points in Walter's performance, which reveals Mahler's enlargement of classical procedure so convincingly that the enormous temporal span of the piece seems to result more from a similar process in the macroform and less from a gratuitous expansiveness. And instead of imposing definition on the fluctuating events by regularizing them, Walter patiently draws a total shape made up of several fluctuants. An interesting comparison here is of the tempo relationships between the scherzo and trio of the second movement in the two performances; Leinsdorf sharply individuates the two, taking a much slower tempo for the trio, whereas Walter finds for each a precise level at which they are clearly differentiated but also unmistakably integrated and continuous.

After these thoughtful and careful approaches to the problems of Mahler performance, it is astonishing to encounter Bernstein, who jumps with enormous enthusiasm into precisely those aspects of Mahler that everyone else would rather forget, who shows total unconcern for the qualities for which we forgive Mahler his sins, and who is, thus, blithely unaware that problems exist at all.

As a result, in both Bernstein's present recording of the Third Symphony and his performance earlier this year of the Fifth, the fascinating inner polyphony of the music is completely suppressed into a mere accompaniment to the eventless, relentlessly reiterated "top" line, each of whose repetitions is treated with an inflated expressivity that, given the absence of any indication of real happening, painfully exaggerates Mahler's hard-lost failures into a set of posturing caricatures. Unquestionably, all this is an honest result of Bernstein's complete faith in the music (one wonders whether this faith is also responsible for the sloppy playing he permits to his orchestra). But if Mahler must rely on such uncritical friends, he would be much better served by uncompromising enemies, who might at least grant his work the dignity of silence.

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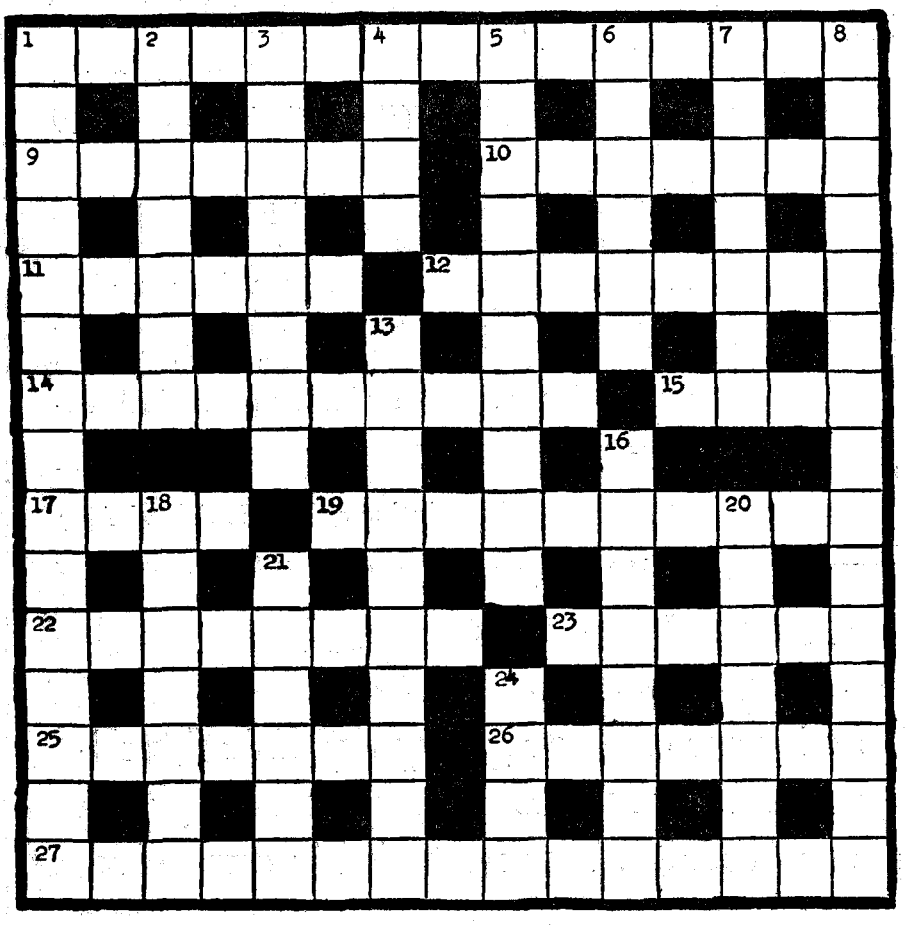
Crossword Puzzle No. 1015

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 In which an oboe is swallowed up by the horns. (5, 3, 3, 4)
9 How to redecorate one who copies material? (7)
10 This book about a timid child might confuse me and you with a couple of old numbers. (4, 3)
11 Rating with one who gets the band around? (6)
12 Wine, kept for a long time, went from water to water. (8)
14 Rendering inoperative. (10)
15 A study of the gulf, perhaps. (4)
17 Big letters spread around a circle — big and dry. (4)
19 Game time, where you might get to fondle cash for a change. (6, 4)
23 Transform into an oil. (6)
25 Bad taste in material, no doubt.
26 Perhaps a nudist made it a fashion! (7)
27 Model members of the expedition, though they sometimes are the most publicized members of the party. (8-7)

DOWN:

1 Equal to the first two words, but no place to find in the beginning. (It's an unusual way to start.)
2 Adds just a little to the crankcase, but a lot to the garden. (7)
3 A curl of the lip never causes legal action. (8)
4 The first of 27 found at break of morn. (4)
5 and 22 across Is this the purpose of a fair catch in football? (3, 5, 2, 2, 6)
6 Do the workers include a Dixie manufacturer? (6)
7 Required to dig out of a big lode?
8 Casting priests in the mold of the Pilgrims, perhaps. (8, 7)
13 Not exactly pretty wire, but mail might be made with it. (10)
16 Goodbye to Paradise! That's what such as the ant-eaters seem to say. (8)
18 The sort of attire under the head of the Bishop and over the head of other ecclesiastics. (7)
20 A sin in England to start with, but only foolish otherwise. (7)
21 Given a pelt, or freed from the pit?
24 Part of the door seems to be sticky. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1014

ACROSS: 1 Tropic of Cancer; 10 Segovia; 12 Stalin; 14 Starter; 15 Mop-up; 19 Naphtha; 21 Fifers; 23 Sparrows; 25 Lunatic; 26 and 2 down Plaster of Paris; 27 Window dressers.
DOWN: 1 Toothsome; 3 Itinerant; 4 Overeating; 5 and 11 Case-hardened; 6 Night; 7 Envelop; 8 and 17 Main event; 13 Crepe paper; 15 Materials; 16 Pleasures; 18 Effendi; 20 Apostle; 21 and 9 Full of pride; 22 Rated; 24 Scow.

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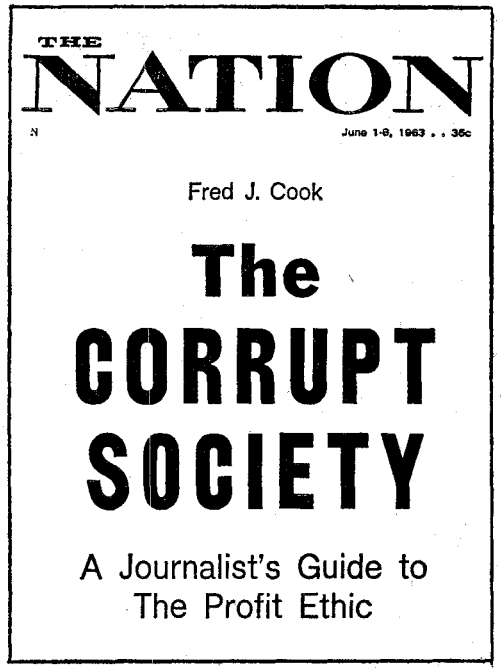

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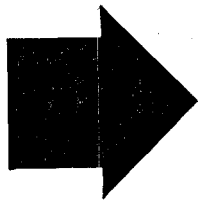

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